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THE

CHARMERS.

A

POEM.

Humbly Inscrib'd to

The Hon. LADY GORE.

*Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love. Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

D U B L I N:

Printed for PETER WILSON, at Gay's Head in Dame's-street.
M,DCC,XLIII.

[Price a British Six-pence.]

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DUBLIN:
Printed for T. & A. Wilson, at Gray's Head in Dame's Street.
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TO THE
Author of the following POEM.

*WHILE Sol his heart-reviving aspect shrouds,
And yields his rays to Winter's low'ring clouds:*

*While trees are silent, vocal all before,
And the gay Lark ascends the skies no more:*

Harmonious notes allure my ravish'd ear,

And a new warbler melts our senses here!

*Say, Bard unknown, whence spring these warm de-
sires,*

That fill the longing youth with restless fires?

Can verse, soft passions such as these bestow,

Unman our thoughts, and wound us as they flow?

Can verse, so lively paint the fair-ones eyes,

To call from wishing hearts ecstatic sighs?

Like the soft female pow'r that thousands own,

Which forces us to gaze——and be undone.

Such

~~Such is thy art: thy days, where'er we turn,~~

Dissolve our souls, and as we read, we burn.

Oh happy Isle! that can such beauties boast,

('Till now, in dark, in dull oblivion lost:)

Blest! that in thee the various Graces dwell,

Blest! that thy son those Graces sings so well.

Here let each Fair, her brilliant features trace,

The love-form'd mirror shews each killing face:

In this, we view each rosy blush arise,

In this, the dazzling splendor dims our eyes;

In this, their charms have double pow'r to move,

And lost in this we languish into Love.

Thus, where along the primrose-painted meads,

Some limpid stream its curling waters leads;

In each smooth wave we see the skies appear,

And think another heav'n invites us there.

J. MARSHALL



T H E
C H A R M E R S.

NOW surly Winter shews his furrow'd face,
And with his train moves on with quick'ning
pace ;

The yielding Autumn with his honours flies,
While clouds and rains invade the dark'ning skies ;
Their leafy cloathing lose the widow'd trees,
And, tempests rage, where breath'd the Summer's
breeze ;

B

Where

Where purl'd the chrystal stream, with rapid force
 The swelling torrent rolls its foaming course ;
 Where flow'ry meads, there stormy wastes appear,
 And various horrors spread the sick'ning year.

The rural Nymphs and Satyrs quit the plains,
 And where joys once, now silent darkness reigns ;
 To grotts they fly, which once from mid-day's heat,
 But now from storms, afford a safe retreat,
 While angry Jove, with rough inclement skies,
 Their harmless Games, and frolick sports denies.

Such dreary scenes affright the court-bred maid,
 Who sought from sultry rays the cooling shade ;
 No more invites the gently-nodding grove,
 The silent witness of protested love,
 No more the feather'd choir with warbling throat
 At morning's dawn indulge the early note ;

Wild

Wild desolation spreads her ebon wings,
Deforms the earth, and all her terrors brings.

Mature for joy, the lively Nymph in bloom,
For sprightly mirth forsakes the rural gloom;
To throngs and lofty cities now resorts,
And tastes the glitt'ring charms of splendid courts.

Thy greatness, *Devon*, and thy pomp invite,
Thy palace, seat of joy and gay delight;
To thee, *Tenne's* noble chief, repair
The charming band, the ever-conqu'ring fair,
Around thy throne the circling beauties wait,
Add to thy pomp, and grace the regal state.

The youthful glories of the chearful train
Attempts a soaring muse in daring strain,

Pays to their merit th' incense of his praise,
 And aims at harmony, and tuneful lays:
 Soft as the theme, ah! might the numbers flow,
 Might equal wit and lively ardour glow!
 Then, like the subject, might the song surprize,
 Steal to the soul, and bid the passions rise.

From thy lov'd *Paphos* hither, *Venus*, move,
 Whose easy god-head rules the realms of love,
 With thee thy smiles, thy heart-entrancing joys,
 Thy doves, and roses, and thy winged boys,
 Attend my call; since beauty is thy care,
 Nor envious frown, because our Nymphs are fair:
 Defend the Poet from thy subtle fire,
 Nor let his pencil raise in him desire,
 Lest his own work, *Pygmalion*-like, might move,
 And while he paints, shou'd feel the pow'r of love.

High

High 'bove the rest, behold, with awful grace,
 And princely beauty sparkling in her face;
 Imperial *Devon* sits! together shine
 United majesty, and form divine;
 So JUNO, 'midst the heav'nly courts above,
 Superior shews, and speaks the queen of JOVE.

Around her graces tend, *Duncannon*, thou,
 And *Ponsonby*, late joyn'd in nuptial vow,
 And *Rachel*, in whose early-blooming face
 The beauties of her riper age we trace:
 So, when the morning drives the shades of night,
 And rosy-finger'd opes the gates of light,
 From certain presage of the dawning ray,
 We greet the splendor of the rising day.

Clan-

Clanrickard's Consort, next thy glories rise,
 In whose bright form absorb'd perfection lies,
 In ev'ry feature shines a heav'n of charms,
 In hands, and neck, in sparkling eyes, and arms;
 Her well-turn'd limbs and curious shape surprize,
 And matchless lustre strikes the ravish'd eyes:
 Thus the tall Pine, who the loud storm defies,
 It's branchy head bears tow'ring to the skies,
 With straiter stem and boughs superior reigns
 The shady honour of the neighb'ring plains.

In *Antrim's* face we diff'rent features find,
 Her milder lines display a gentle mind,
 Smooth move her looks, nor glow with sparkling fire,
 Melt us to love, and strong esteem inspire.

Delicious smiles, soft as a southern sky,
In *Kerry's* face engage the lover's eye.

Joyn'd to th' advantage of a lovely frame,
Wit, sense, and fancy, meet in *Mayo's* name,
Agreeable, while flows the tedious night,
With painted hosts to wage the mimick fight,
Or to soft measures with love-beaming glance
To move the flowing limbs in mazy dance.

What may not *Mountjoy's* gen'rous goodness claim?
Whose bounty, like the deeply-running stream,
Distributes plenty, as it flows, around,
And from it's bosom glads the barren ground.

Thy tender shape, and nice-wove limbs contain,
All, *Massareene*, that gives the lover pain,

Purer

Purer thy mind, as more from matter free,
And love in miniature we find in thee.

United, see! fair *Don'rayle's* looks disclose,
The snow of lillies, and the blush of rose,
Behold the virtues to this beauty joyn'd!
What charms from both harmoniously combin'd?
So Constellations, from th' united glow
Of various Stars, the brighter vigour show.

Thy open features, gentle *Howth*, engage,
And *Tullamoore* might fill the swelling page,
By happy nature, without vulgar art,
Each gains applause, and captivates the heart.

Delight of all! fair *Gore*, around thy head,
The *Cyprian* goddess all her sweets has shed,

For thee she left the lov'd *Idalian* grove,
 T'endue thy form with all the pow'rs of love,
 " With all my graces be it now my care,"
 Cry'd *Venus*, " to adorn the blooming fair,
 " Above the rest in her superior shine
 " My heav'nly attracts, and the Nymph be mine."

Minerva heard, and saw with envious eyes
 The infant charmer now her rival's prize,
 " Nor shall it be, for to the flatt'ring show
 " Of beauty, I'll my lasting charms bestow,
 " In her shine wit, deep judgment, sense refin'd,
 " And all th' embelishments that grace the mind."
 Hence piercing is thy wit, as are thy eyes,
 And love in various shapes around thee flies,
 Hence blazes bright amidst the Nymphs thy name,
 While wit and beauty share an equal fame.

How mounts the muse with cloud-aspiring wings,
 How tunes her voice, when she of *For'scue* sings?
For'scue the sprightly, *For'scue* ever gay,
 Whose artless smiles have gain'd resistless sway.
 How have I heard th' adoring youthful train,
 In thrilling notes express their love-born pain,
 When *Alma's* sons have wore the pleasing chain?
 Urg'd by their pains, to thee the laurell'd throng,
 Plaintive, have oft address'd the melting song,
 And, e'en in wisdoms courts, thus passions move,
 Such are thy charms, and such the pow'r of love.

The pomp of musick should attend your flight,
 Muses, when *Hazard* offers to your sight,
Hazard, for harmony another name,
 Who with her breath fans bright the scorching flame.

Join'd to the strings, hear how th' enchanting sound,
 Strikes to the heart, and kills without a wound,
 While musick's magick ev'ry sense controuls,
 And with her voice, ascend our fleeting souls,
 So strong the charm we in our fate rejoyce,
 And perish by a Seraph's face and voice.

While pomp and splendor join thy form to grace,
Leeson, how more resplendent shines thy face?
 Vain, various gems with various lustres vie,
 Not brilliants sparkle 'fore thy brighter eye,
 Stars in Meridian brightness of the day,
 Hide their inferior light, and fainter ray.

These are that wear the *Hymeneal* chain,
 And taste the sweets of love unmix'd with pain,
 In circling bliss their rapt'rous hours employ,
 Know endless pleasure, feel extatick joy.

In sprightly pace now moves the virgin choir,
 On them wait smiles, and jokes, and fierce desire,
 In strength of youth, in bloom of gaudy years,
 With purple grace the sportive band appears :
 And thou, *Mc-Donald*, lead the joyous train,
 And o'er our Nymphs accept the proffer'd reign,
 Thy blood proud-streaming from a race of Kings,
 New lustre to thy conqu'ring beauty brings,
 And all th' illustrious glories of thy line,
 Proclaim by right love's empire to be thine.

While different graces in *Obriens* move,
 From both flows pleasure, from each rises love,
 The one with awful beauties fills the sight,
 The other's sprightly looks create delight ;
 While from the one's majestick air and state
 The trembling lover fears contempt his fate,

The humble sweetness in the other's bloom
 Feeds up the flame, nor threats an angry doom,
 With fear and rev'rence we the one obey,
 While gentler, yet as strong's the other's sway;
 One, like the Summer's sun at noon of day,
 When sultry beams and fiercer glories play,
 The other, like the Spring, when th' orb of light
 Diffuses milder warmth, yet shines as bright.

Careless, yet sure of conquest, *Daniel* still
 With undefining charms ne'er fails to kill,
 Unaiming she lets fly the random dart,
 Nor takes a cruel pleasure in the smart,
 Guiltless of pride, and charming without art.

Why boasts old *Greece* of *Spartan Helen's* charms,
 That fatal form that set the world in arms,

For

For whom th' unhappy love-enchanted boy
 To flames and ruin gave his native *Troy*?
 Eternal silence to your vaunting strains,
 In *Ambrose*, lo! unrival'd beauty reigns,
 For her your brightest colours are too faint,
 Ought fairer could the liveli'st fancy paint?
 A *Helen*'s form in *Ambrose* you may find,
 But say in *Helen* found you *Ambrose*'s mind?

A youthful vigour breaths in *Fenner*'s face,
 And rosy blushes glow with sparkling grace,
 Not brighter shines the orient Summer's morn,
 When ruddy glories all the skies adorn,
 And from the golden East fresh streams of light
 Pour'd o'er the earth, dispel the gloom of night.

Maxwell with gentle looks and artless ease,
 Will ever conquer, must for ever please,

'Gainst

'Gainst her its poison envy spits in vain,
 For ever *Maxwell* will her power maintain,
 At worth superior envy aims her strokes,
 So whizzing light'nings blast the tallest Oaks.

In lively strain now, sprightly numbers flow,
 While frolick Nymphs their wanton beauties show,
Gard'ner and *Bury* hither now advance,
 With airy motion and designing glance.
 Guard, lovely Nymphs, against a cold disdain,
 Nor cruel triumph in a lover's pain;
 Tho' artless wildness blows up strong desires,
 By coldness damp'd, the slack'ning flame expires,
 And oft by proud contempt, and scornful air,
 Their beauty's conquests lose th' insulting fair.

In all the pride of youthful prime array'd,
 How sparkles *King*! how shines the lovely maid!

Why

Why sigh the Youth, and languid look our Swains?
 'Tis *King* that wounds, and strikes the lingering pains;
 How oft for her the *Gyprian* altars smoke,
 When thousand suppliants friendly aid invoke!

In *Gunn* and *Walls* th' engaging softness trace,
 While innocence sits smiling in their face;
 Here love in ambush shoots th' unerring dart,
 Steals on unseen, and wounds th' unwary heart;
 The danger's greater, as our fears are less,
 For dark surprizes meet with sure success:
 So deepest sink the soft-descending showers,
 Refresh the earth, and wake the vernal flowers.

Digby and *Rockfort* next conspicuous rise,
Stewart and *Usher* with victorious eyes,
 Fair *Bellew's* and *Fitzherbert's* name imply
 The charms for which enraptur'd captives die.

Thy

Thy mildness, *Stanford*, 'midst the beauteous throng,
 And, *Supple*, thine, adorn the flowing song:
 Th' admirer of a sparkling wit and eyes,
 By too great brightness dazzl'd often dies,
 And, while on flashy charms and light we gaze,
 Quick burns the heart, and feels the scorching blaze;
 Not so, like *Syrens*, are your charms to kill,
 With gentle love your milder beauties fill,
 By softness rul'd the Captive hugs his chain,
 And joys his Mistress prides not in his pain.

Mainard, and *Barnwell*, *Hutchinson*, and *Tew*,
 What praise is to your shining merit due?
 To *Trench* and *Desbrisay* what muse cou'd soar,
 Or curious all the various charms explore?
 Who'd count the stars, that stud the *Milky-way*?
 And view the *Galaxy* with nice survey?
 What daring muse, ambitious of the theme,
 Cou'd all the Fair *Terne* has proclaim?

Ierne! happy all-abounding Isle!
 On whom the heav'ns with richest blessing smile;
 While joy and plenty revel on thy plains,
 And happiness uninterrupted reigns,
 Behold with pleasure, beauty-bearing land,
 Thy blooming daughters, view the lovely band!
 In graceful pomp, see! how thy Fair appear!
 See! *Venus* quits her *Paphos* to reign here!
 And, while thy virgins carry beauties prize,
 Brighter 'bove other Isles thy honours rise.

Hither, ye sons of *Mars*, while all your train
 By Winter's rigour quits the list'd plain,
 While cease the hostile shouts, and loud alarms,
 The din of war, and clash of adverse arms,
 Hither, undaunted Warriors, now repair,
 Indulge in ease, and be the fair one's care;
 Each Nymph your ardour crowns with just applause,
 Nor wonder, since you fought in *Beauty's* cause,

Happy!

Happy, ~~since~~ they your gen'rous toils approve,

* *For what's a Soldier's recompence but love?*

The path to honour's difficult and hard,

But then how sweet, how blissful the reward?

In former times, if chance tyrannick sway,

By lawless force made injur'd lands obey,

If monsters rose, a dire infernal brood,

Blasting their fields, and shedding human blood,

T' oppose the mischief, and to shelter right,

Sprung up some gen'rous Youth, some martial Knight,

The valiant Hero streight enroll'd his name,

And thro' the danger courted deathless fame,

T' inspire his ardour, then the fairest Dame

Was made his prize, the conqu'ring champion's claim.

Nor less your merit, nor your glories less,

Britons, from you has *Europe* found redress,

In

In vain, proud *Furies* prepared the servile chain,
 See! Liberty by you appears again;
 Vain tyrants' giant limbs in vain
 Display their legions, and their arms combine,
 A *George* appears, and like *Saturnian Jove*,
 When the earth's sons disturb'd the realms above,
 With glowing arm the fork'd thunder throws,
 Nor can the Rebels stand th' avenging blows.
 Thy plains, fam'd *Dettingen*, our trophies boast,
 Thy plains now fertile with the slaughter'd host,
 Along the shore thy hoarse-resounding flood
 Roars loud our praise in tides of *Gallick* blood.
 These martial Labours, these heroic Toils
 Demand the laurels, and the fair one's smiles;
 Favour, ye Beauties, then the sons of war,
 * *None but the gen'rous Brave deserve the Fair.*

* *Dryden*

FINIS



